The Error of the Stork.

BY J. THOMAS.

Johann was a funny fat little Dutch boy, but on this bright autumn day he did not see anything very bright or very funny. His papa had a great deal of money, and Johann had ever so many playthings, but yet he felt very, very lonely.

And truly I do not blame him, for his mamma was upstairs with a headache, and the little boy had not a thing to do except to wander from one room to the other. And doesn't the house seem gloomy when the dear mother is not there to cheer it with her sunshiny face?

Joris, Johann's playmate, had one little sister, and yesterday the stork had stopped at his house and left another. That was what Johann was thinking, and there were two big tears in his eyes, quite sure that the stork had made a mistake in the houses and had given Joris the little sister Johann had wanted for so long.

Of all birds the little Holland children love storks the best, for they are told, as soon as they are old enough to listen to

stories, that the good storks bring the babies. If you ever cross the waters and go to Holland you will see away up on top of the high chimneys of the houses nests built out of straw and sticks, and on the nests stand the long-legged, long-billed birds. Often eggs or baby storks are in the nests. The people like to have the birds build near them, for they think it is a sign that happiness and good luck will come to them.

Last spring the storks had built in the chimney of Johann's house, and he had watched them and hoped that it meant they would bring a baby to his house.

He slipped his feet into the wooden shoes that stood on the doorstep and stole over to look at the pincushion on Joris' front door. The pincushion, you know, is a sign in Holland that a baby has arrived in the house, or, as the Holland boys and girls say, that the stork has been there.

This cushion was of almost as much interest to Johann as to Joris, and as he stood looking at it Joris came from the back door and told him the woman said he could see the little sister. Then Johann's round face lit up, and dropping their shoes at the door, for in this queer Dutch land everybody leaves his wooden clip-claps at the doorstep, the boys tiptoed, hand in hand, into a room where nurse gave them a peep at a tiny red object. To tell the truth, this little red creature wasn't at all beautiful. But Johann gazed at it with longing eyes. If only—the stork hadn't made the mistake!

In little-boy fashion Johann and Joris loved each other a great deal, and after they left the room which held the wonderful bundle Johann told Joris how sure he was that the stork had stopped at the wrong house. This made Joris very thoughtful. He wanted the baby himself, but there did seem some truth in what Jonann said, for it was hardly fair to have two sisters and Johann none.

"Come, Johann," said Joris, brightening up, "we'll climb the stairs and tell the storks about it, and that you so much want a sister."

Up they ran into the attic, where, through an opening in the roof, they could catch sight of the birds. Then the two little boys told their story. The old mother stork, hearing their voices, stood very still upon one foot and crooked her head on one side just as though she understood every word.

The children felt better after that, for Joris was sure he had done all he could to make up for the mistake, if a mistake it had been. And Johann was sure that the stork would remember him next time.

An hour later he started for home, but when he turned in at the front gate and looked up at the front door he sat right down on the brick walk and rubbed his eyes. For what do you think he saw on the door? Just what he had been wishing to see ever since he could remember, only instead of one there were two. Yes, two pincushions of different colors were on the door, and two pincushions must mean two babies. That was exactly what it did mean. It was a sign that two babies—a boy and a girl—had come to the house.

There may be many happy little boys in this country and in the countries across the water, but I do not believe there was ever another so happy as Johann when he looked down at the two puckered, red faces by his mamma's side.

"Joris and I told the mother stork, and she did bring the babies, one new one and one to make up for the mistake!" cried Johann, nestling his tow-head close to his mother.

And his mother smiled on him as only mothers who understand all there is in little boys' hearts can smile.

How First Oyster Came to Be Eaten.

The man who ate the first oyster must have been very brave, for certainly the best thing about an oyster is not its looks. The story runs that a man thrust his forefinger into an open shell he found on the seashore. The oyster, whose shell it was, was very angry and closed it on the fingers of the man to his astonishment and pain. It took a great deal of wrenching to liberate the finger, which was considerably injured in the operation. The man put his finger in his mouth to lessen the pain, and thus learned the taste. Having learned it he smashed all the shells with stones and devoured their contents. He ate oysters until he was completely filled. Afterward whenever this man was hungry he went to the oyster bank and from being thin and wiry became fat and rosy. His neighbors noted the change, and one day followed him to his retreat near the sea. There they learned the reason, and many of them fell into the same habits. The secret once out, it spread abroad with great rapidity. The oyster-eating habit was inaugurated and has come down to us. When all this occurred the story does not say. History though lets us know that oyster eating was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, who thought very highly of oysters as articles of diet.

A Life for a Life.

A well-known man was recently saved from death by a mouse. One of these troublesome little pests was nibbling in the room where the gentleman slept. A trap was set. In the night the mouse came, the bait was seized, the trap door fell with a crash. The man awoke to find the room full of gas, which had escaped from a half-turned burner.

The nicest part of this story (which is a true one) is that the gentleman said he believed that a life demanded another life. Consequently the mouse was released with only a sprained paw. Let us hope that the incident taught him to beware of traps in the future, no matter how good the cheese smells.

A WILD RIDE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

BY W. S. WALLACE.

Willis, the son of Mr. Boker, the station agent, had been given a new bob sled for his birthday, and he was anxious to try it. So on a certain Saturday he gathered together a few boon comrades who were glad of a ride or two, and tried all the hills in town, in succession. At length Forest street alone remained unconquered, and thither Willis and company bent their steps. The Meteor, as the bobsled was called, proved so fast that the longest hills seemed too short to its owner. Forest hill, however, could be coasted for a half mile—that is, from the last turn by the Bell house clear down to the railroad tracks, where the station stood.

The hill was crowded with merry coasters when Willis started up. He knew that above the bend the road continued to ascend the mountain side for two more miles, and it was suggested to him on the way up that no one had ever yet dared to coast the whole distance.

"Boys," cried Willis, eagerly, "I dare!"

There was a shout of derision.

"Yes, I think I'll try it; who'll go with me?" he cried, defiantly. "Volunteers wanted to ride the Meteor from the top of the mountain."

At first the boys shied, but presently Willis had chosen three other boys to ride with him, and after cautioning the coasters to watch out for him, departed for the top, two miles away.

"Ooh," cried a little girl when they had gone, "it will go so fast we shan't see it at all."

"Yep," said another with vague notions of speed. "It will go five miles a second."

The boys trudged silently up, up, up, until at last they came out on a level space—the top of the hill. Willis put Fenn Broker on the brakes in the rear, took the wheel himself, and the Meteor was ready for what was to prove its last performance as a bobsled. Now, the coasters had cleared the road and posted a boy at the railroad crossing to warn sleighs, carriages and grocery wagons of the meteoric danger; so that Willis felt quite safe as the Meteor dropped gently over the crest.

"We're off," cried Willis. "If any one wants to quit he better tumble off now."

No one did, and the swift Meteor, true to its name, began to gather way at once. The first turn was passed on the inside in good style, and the snow began to whirl into their eyes in earnest. But the deep snow up on the mountain had drifted into the road, preventing high speed. At the second turn the Meteor swung dangerously near the bank, and now the road became smoother. The boys saw the trees merely as long blurred shadowy things; the speed was increasing with each yard, and now the riders could see the last turn at the Bell house, with a crowd of delighted coasters on the banks. Willis felt that the worst was over and called for brakes, but the bobsled did not slow up at all. It was hard to steer it at all now, and as the Meteor shot by the Bell house it ran far up on the bank, nearly going over a fifteen-foot wall. The boys merely saw two lines of black as they whizzed through the cheering crowd and took the last turn.

The Meteor took the last stretch with a bound that nearly left Fenn behind. He applied the brakes, there was a slight jerk—and the gear broke. With a straight run of a half mile to the bottom before them, and the Meteor going so fast that its riders had to cling on desperately, the brakes had broken. Willis did not know it, but they were at that moment going faster—much faster than the Limited Express that passed through the town daily at noon. It was no fun now—only a terrible suspense, with the certain outlook of a crash against the station wall at the end.

Willis felt queer. He could now see nothing but straight black and white lines, like ruled pencil lines, rushing upward between the front runners. Once for a brief second he lost control of the wheel, and in that second the Meteor crossed the road, tore up on the bank, swerved, and returned to its path, every boy on it was as white as paper. Willis felt responsible, and he saw, too, that the boy placed at the hill bottom was dancing about wildly. The last few yards of road slipped away as if jerked from under, and at that instant a horse and sleigh turned into Forest street. It was all over in a flash of red and white. The Meteor, going faster than the man in the sleigh, faster than any one ever saw anything going before wheeled out of a cloud of snow dust, struck the sleigh sideways, passed under the horse and hurled itself, empty, against the station wall, where it was dashed into a hundred pieces.

The great ride was over, and four plucky, foolish boys lay here and there in the snow. But by a miracle there was little damage done, except to the Meteor itself. Mr. Boker picked up his son and his comrades, and discovered thirty or forty bruises, some bad cuts and a broken arm. Willis had broken his arm in two places, but it soon knitted. And since that time no one has coasted down Forest street, and a large sign on a tree there reads:

NOTICE!

Coasting forbidden on this hill, as it is very dangerous. A fine of five dollars for every violation of this rule.

Remember the Meteor, boys!

To do a daring act simply because it is bold is not real bravery; when death is risked merely for sport, bravery becomes foolhardiness.

A Prince Who is Fond of Horses.

Eitel Frederick, prince of Prussia, and younger brother of the crown prince of Germany, is considered one of the finest horsemen of Europe. The German people love him greatly for this, along with his kindness to his animals, a quality sometimes wanting when great daring is possessed by boys.

When the prince was sixteen he was given the freedom of the royal stables and told that he could select one of the fine Arabian ponies for his own use. He asked if he could look after him just as boys in lesser stations in life do with their ponies, and his father's reply was:

"I want my boys to know how to work and care for everything that belongs to them."

Eitel did care for his pony and spent many moments learning all about the needs and nature of horses. He discovered that his Arabian could jump and, riding him one day, he cleared a four-barred fence, which greatly delighted the emperor, who was riding with him.

A short time after this his father gave him a powerful hunting horse. The boy looked like a midget on him, but would not ride him for three or four days.

"A horse needs to know you," he gravely said, "before he makes up his mind whether you will be kind and reasonable with him or harsh."

After boy and horse had become acquainted he invited his father to take a ride in his company. The two set out for a gallop through the forests. Emperor William is regarded as a splendid horseman, but he told a circle of friends after this ride that Eitel had given him a race for life. He leaped ditches and hedges, took the roughest roads, held his horse under perfect control and won the greatest praise.

It is told of this boy that he cannot go into the royal stables without every horse in the stalls turning his head and whinnying a glad welcome. This is a remarkable tribute to his tenderness of heart.

"THEM TWO."

(Copyright, 1905, by Louise R. Baker.)
Written for The Star.

CHAPTER V.

"Want your Sunday off?" questioned Mrs. Burdette, staring in mild surprise at the meek little orphan.

"If you please," said Rosy, politely.

"Who put you up to it?" demanded the mistress.

Thereupon the little boarder, who had paused in the doorway, bounced into the room.

"Mrs. Burdette," she said, "Mary Ann over at Mrs. Brown's gets her Sunday off, and nobody put my sister up to anything. Mary Ann has promised to take us places and show us things, and she's going to wade in the marsh to get flowers and we intend to teach her to walk."

"Good gracious alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdette, "I might have guessed Mary Ann was at the bottom of a Sunday off."

"She's not," said Maud, stanchly. "She's a nice, kind girl. If anybody's to blame about anything you can blame me, Mrs. Burdette."

"And I reckon it wouldn't be any very great mistake," said the mistress. "You can have your Sunday off, Rosy, and perhaps I'll be able to sit down to think in quiet while the two of you are out of the house."

"Thank you, Mrs. Burdette," said Rosy, graciously.

"The latest," said Mrs. Burdette, speaking in a stage whisper to a neighbor who dropped in for a morning chat, "is this: Rosy's been inquiring about her Sunday off. Don't tell me that asylum children aren't smart; they're too smart. Mary Ann put her up to it and Maud egged her on."

"Maud's the little girl boarder?" inquired the interested listener.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burdette. "I promised to place her in a home, but I'm afraid I can't do it. I don't know how long the asylum folks will let things go on in this way."

"Is the other little girl satisfactory?" asked the neighbor.

"She is and she isn't," said Mrs. Burdette. "She's smart as she can be, and willing; but somehow it comes to me over and over that I'd a heap better have hired Henny Prater and give old Suse Prater the wages that she asked. Now, if I wanted a daughter it'd be different. She's got the cutest hands, prettier than her sister's, though not so plump, maybe, and it does seem a shame to spoil 'em with dish water. Law, I'd never been worrying about Henny Prater's hands."

"After awhile you might want her for a daughter, Mrs. Burdette," said the neighbor.

The mistress shook her head. "No," she said, emphatically, "I don't want that trouble on me."

"So Mary Ann ferreted 'em out?" said the neighbor, laughing. "Of course, she was bound to do it."

"They're going off with her Sunday down to the woods and all over this part the country, I reckon," said the mistress, "and I told Rosy and Maud that then'd be my chance to think a spell."

"But, laws, Mrs. Burdette," said the neighbor, "you're used to plenty of children in the summer, when the boarders are here. It seems to me that these two oughtn't to upset you."

"It's the responsibility," sighed the mistress. "Yesterday I found her laying on the grass, with a scrap of paper and a pencil, and she was drawing a picture, a house and a fence and a tree, just as natural——"

"That harum-scarum little boarder girl?"

"No, Rosy. She'd washed the dishes and put them in the cupboard and hung up her towels. I couldn't help thinking, to save my soul, that the drawing was better suited to her pretty little hands, and kind of wishing in my heart that Henny Prather was in the kitchen taking her nap, resting up for the evening."

The neighbor bade good-bye a few minutes later, and, passing on her way, she halted at various houses by the roadside and gave out the welcome news that Mrs. Burdette was having a time of it with the asylum children; that it was hardly likely the asylum would continue indefinitely to pay board for the little girl, Maud; and Mrs. Burdette was of the opinion that nobody in the neighborhood would want the child.

Mary Ann's Sunday off began directly after her dinner dishes were washed and put away. She arrived at Mrs. Burdette's in breathless haste, wearing her new hat and a great yellow tie, above which her round face beamed brightly. She knocked at the kitchen door and gave a start when it was opened by the mistress.

"I come to see if them two was goin' walkin'," she said.

"They'll be ready soon as I give 'em a talking to," said Mrs. Burdette.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary Ann, sedately; "I'll wait."

"You'll wait and you'll listen," said Mrs. Burdette.

"Yes'm," said Mary Ann.

"Rosy and Maud!" called the mistress from the hallway. "Hurry! your company's come!"

In a minute two pairs of eager feet descended the steps and Rosy and Maud appeared. They were dressed for Rosy's Sunday off. They wore their white asylum dresses and their sailor hats, trimmed with blue ribbon.

"You can go with Mary Ann," said the mistress, "but, mind, you've got to take care of your clothes. Mary Ann can walk in the ma'sh if she chooses, but if you come back here with your shoes muddy and your frocks torn, why this'll be the first and last of the Sunday-off business."

The orphans nodded while Mary Ann said, serenely, "They hear, Mrs. Burdette."

"Well, run along," said the mistress, "and don't forget it, that's all."

They smiled at her gratefully and walked through the hall, down the front yard and out the front gate, Mary Ann in the middle.

"If it wasn't for Sundays off," said Mary Ann, "I'd just as leave live in the mountains."

"Maybe he'll be eating his dinner," said Maud, her blue eyes seeking the chimney tops and the tall trees.

"He don't eat no dinner till night," said Mary Ann. "You alls don't know how stylish he is. Them city boarders wanted Mrs. Burdette to give dinner to them at 6 o'clock, too, but she wouldn't; she ain't gunno take no more trouble than she has to. But trouble's got to be took around him. He eats what he calls lunch at dinner time."

"If he eating his lunch, we won't see him," said Rosy.

"I think we'll see him all right," said Mary Ann. "It's such a bright day; he'll be wantin' to catch sight o' his shadder."

"I never seen him but onct," she continued. "It was jest sech a pretty day as this'n and I had a minute to spare. I run over the fields quick as lightnin' and sneaked up to the fence and there he was, settin' on a bench. Then I seen him git up and take a walk, then I heerd him talk to himself, then I seen him set down agin and write. I only had a minute or I'd waited to hear his dinner bell ring for lunch. I'd like to seen him go into his house."

"I wish we could walk in the front way and ring the doorbell and be shown into the parlor," said Maud.

"Go visitin' him?" inquired Mary Ann, in a horrified voice.

Maud nodded.

"Well," said Mary Ann, "you asylum folks have more spunk than we'uns in these parts. He run two men off 'cause they was peddlers."

"We aren't peddlers," said Maud, proudly.

"I kind o' wish I didn't have on my yeller tie," said Mary Ann, anxiously; 'it shows so far." She whisked it off. "Girls," she said, "I hope the blue ribbon on your hats don't ketch his eye. Say, you better hide your hats. Why'd you dress in white? Oh, I wish we all was dressed in green leaves."

Rosy and Maud took off their hats and turned them so that the blue ribbons wouldn't show.

"Now we got to climb a fence," said Mary Ann. "You two be keerful not to tear your frocks. Don't let's talk no more."

They climbed the fence, carefully and silently, and silently and carefully they followed Mary Ann's stooping figure, theirs also stooping, between palings and very high grass. In this way they reached the side of the great house. Once Mary Ann turned and put her fingers to her lips and once she said "Ssssh!" as if they were in imminent danger.

Suddenly the leader of the perilous expedition paused, pressed her face to the palings and made a pantomimical movement of complete satisfaction and gazed raptbound.

Seated on a rustic bench under a spreading tree was a gentleman, tall and broad. He wore a skull cap; his back was toward them; they could smell cigar smoke.

"When will he get up?" whispered Maud.

"Ssh!" commanded Mary Ann. "We got to wait."

They waited a long time. Then the gentleman rose, walked deliberately toward the house and entered by a side door. They had seen nothing but his back.

"There!" exclaimed Mary Ann, rapturously, "we done caught him."

Rosy and Maud were terribly disappointed.

"I wanted to see his face," said Rosy.

"I wanted to hear him talk to himself," said Maud.

"Well'll come back again next Sunday off," said Mary Ann. "I think we seen a lot. He went in to his lunch and nary bell rang for him; he just looked at his watch. He won't git up from the table in no big hurry 'cause he must have the best of everything—a powerful roast for nobody but him. It's a wonder he don't keep some dogs. Too mean, I reckon!"

"He didn't look mean to me," said Maud.

"He didn't look mean to me either," said Rosy, "but I wish we could have seen his face."

After that they went for flowers, only finding a few, to the chagrin of Mary Ann, but the little girls from the asylum received with rapture the bunch of blue swamp flowers that Mary Ann got out of the "ma'sh."

"We had a lovely day," said Maud, as she and Rosy bade Mary Ann good-bye, "and if he—" she pointed toward the great hidden house and the visible chimney tops—"had just turned his head around a little we could have seen his face."

"He has beautiful hair," said Rosy.

"I b'lieve you all wish he was some kin," said Mary Ann.

They nodded gravely.

"I'm glad he's no kin to me," said Mary Ann, "I'd ruther have my mountain folks than him."

The following morning Mrs. Burdette went off in the carryall, with Maud seated beside her. She was going to the station to meet her first summer boarder, a young lady from the city. Maud was told that, being little, she would have to sit at the mistress' feet on the way back, but she said she didn't mind and was radiant.

Rosy, left to wash the breakfast dishes, looked wistfully after the carryall. She was wondering if the young lady from the city would have more to do with Maud than her, who was Maud's own sister.

"Both of them will be boarders," she said, with a catch in her voice, "and I want Maud to have a good time always," and then she went to work on the dishes. Henny Prater would have sung loudly and forgotten all her cares, if she had accumulated any, while she washed the dishes with the mistress out of hearing, but Rosy Lawrence thought and thought as she washed and wiped the dishes and carefully put them into the cupboard.

Rosy saw the carryall long before it reached Mrs. Burdette's, and as it drew near she beheld the three heads almost on a level; Maud was sitting on the lap of the first summer boarder.

"Both of them are boarders," she said again, and then, looking, she gave a little cry. A minute later she was half way down the front yard, received in the warm embrace of somebody who was laughing, for the young lady boarder was Kathy.

(To be continued next Saturday).

A Chinese Tale of Greed

BY MINERVA SPENCER HANDY.

There was once a great artist named Titchiou, who lived in China. He had all the struggles with poverty that artists everywhere experience. One day, however, Titchiou was made happy by receiving a summons from the mandarin, who wanted him to paint one wall of his bed room. This mandarin told him that his fortune would be made when the world knew that he had been chosen to ornament the apartment of so great a personage as a mandarin. Titchiou knew this and was glad indeed that fame was to come to him at last. He would have liked it better if he had won a little fame and a great deal of money, for Titchiou loved money more than he should have done—being an artist.

After many months' work, the mandarin summoned him to the presence of his wife, his daughters and a company of men, high

in the official society of China. After complimenting him upon the excellence of his work he decorated him with a crystal button—a mark of great honor in China.

Titchiou was very indignant and left the palace vowing vengeance upon the head of the mandarin. The mandarin, he had learned during his residence in the palace, was a great coward and particularly afraid of any supernatural. Knowing this, Titchiou constructed a hideous head of a dragon so large and horrible that people more sensible than this foolish mandarin would have run away from it.

One night Titchiou slipped this awful-looking dragon over his own head and prepared to meet and frighten the mandarin as he returned from some mission to a neighboring province. It would be dark when he was expected to pass that way, which fact made Titchiou's plan seem all the more possible.

"Stop!" thundered the dragon as the mandarin walked through the darkness. The mandarin did as he was told. No danger of such a fearful-looking monster not being obeyed.

"What do you want of me?" asked the mandarin in a voice very small and trembling.

"You have done some one a grievous wrong," replied the dragon. "I give you a chance to right this wrong before it is too late. Summon the painter Titchiou to the palace and pay him for the work he has done. Buddha orders this."

The mandarin promised, the dragon disappeared and the mandarin went on his way with fear and trembling.

The next day Titchiou received a summons to appear before the mandarin. He was congratulating himself upon the success of his ruse and planning what he should do with the fortune with which he would return from the palace. Arriving there he was ushered into the presence of the mandarin, who told him that he had been ordered in the name of Buddha—the Chinese god—to pay him a great sum of money.

Titchou bowed very low and replied that he thanked him in the name of Buddha and a lot of lesser gods.

Saying which two Chinese pages brought in a bag full of gold coins which Titchiou received with open arms, then turned to leave the room. When he reached the door he was stopped by a company of soldiers, who ordered him to drop the bag. He was seized and dragged before the mandarin whom he had left but a few minutes before.

"You have tried to escape from the palace with a bag of the emperor's money," said the mandarin, "and such an act must be punished, and I shall punish you by chopping off your head—with pigtail attachment. Seize him, soldiers." The order was promptly obeyed.

"There is one way out of this trouble, Titchiou," went on the mandarin. "Which I tell you about, for you are a very good painter. Restore the bag of gold to me, go home and bring the dragon to me, make him apologize for his lies, and I will pardon you—on one condition, that you paint another wall of my bed room on the same terms—another crystal button."

Titchiou did not like this turn of affairs in the least, but he had to accept or lose his head and pigtail. As the latter was very long and silky and deeply attached to his head, he decided to accept the mandarin's terms and the two paintings are to be seen in the mandarin's palace to this day.

The Parrot's Rival.

In the house of the consul in Bangkok is a bird that keeps up an incessant chatter that might almost be dubbed conversation, so clever is it. The voice of this bird is very much like a human voice, far more so than the parrot. The bird is called the Mineur or Minor. It learns much more readily than the parrot and is as clever at imitating as the American mocking-bird. It whistles in exact imitation of its master and sings whole songs through without making a mistake. When it was first purchased it could only talk in Siamese, but in a short while picked up many sentences of English.

The master of this cunning songster always summons his servants to him by calling "boy." The mineur learned to do the same thing, with the result that the servant was sent on a fool's errand many times. None could tell whether the master called "boy" or the mineur. This greatly annoyed the servant, whose owner told him that he need not come unless he heard the call "boy, boy," repeated twice. In three days' time the mineur had learned this trick and was doing the same thing. Then it was arranged that the master should strike on the table or clap his hands as they do in Turkey or Siam. This was too much for the mineur, who found that his fun was over.

A Lapland Birthday Present.

As soon as a Lapp baby is born a reindeer is presented to him. This reindeer is literally his start in life, for not only that deer, but all its young—and as they grow up, all their young deer—belong to the child. When he is of age he has quite a herd of his own. This custom is of much greater use to him than if every aunt, uncle and cousin he had in the world presented him with the heaviest silver spoon they could find. Don't you think so?

The Little Funny Man.

By Oliver Long.

There is a funny little man,
Who keeps a shop so queer;
You'll never guess his business right
Not if you guess a year.

In rows upon his wooden shelves
Stand bottles big and bright,
All labeled neat in printed words
Refreshing to your sight.

His sign is fastened to the door,
Which always opens wide,
Inviting you to enter there:
"A first-class shine inside."

Perhaps you think he blacks your boots;
A second glance reveals
That, though he is a "polisher,"
He shines not toes nor heels.

One bottle on his topmost shelf
Is labeled "Sunshine—strong;"
"Preserved Good Tempers" is the next;
The next is "Powdered Song."

"Essence of Love" and "Balm of Peace"
Come next upon the shelf;
Then "Cream of Faith," "Tincture of Joy"—
All marked to "Help Yourself."

The "Ointment of Unselfishness"
And pills of "Happy Thought"
Stand near the "Spirits of Kind Words,"
Which nowhere can be bought.

Two iron baskets large and strong
In corners of his shop,
An indicating finger points:
"Here all bad faults may drop."

If any boy or girl may find
This wondrous little man
He'll help you on your daily way
And "shine" you all he can.

He never sends a single bill
To those who seek his aid;
His motto's only "Help yourself."
Come, child, are you afraid?

Sewing in the Olden Days.

You know there were no such things as sewing machines before the civil war, consequently all the stitches in the children's clothes had to be taken by hand. A little dress—an infant's slip—was recently ripped up and how many stitches, the tiniest and neatest, do you thing were found? By actual count there were 397,000 stitches on that dress, and the dress was not a very elaborate one either.

Where Nickel Got Its Name.

The word came from the Swedish and is connected with Old Nick, an evil spirit. The reason it is applied to the metal we know as nickel is because its ore, which is copper-colored, deceived the miners, who expected to obtain copper from it.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Did bear. 2. Pertaining to fire. 3. To cast down. 4. Stops. 5. A gown.

CHARADE.

My first word could not possibly be a shorter word, my second is jolly, my third is a verb signifying ability and my whole is what every one is proud to be.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and my finals spell what boys and girls like to do.

1. To harvest. 2. A nobleman. 3. A girl's name. 4. Sleepy.

JUMBLED CAPITALS OF STATES.

1. Itllet Crok. 2. Ramtoencas. 3. Talatan. 4. Enderv. 5. Fordarth. 6. Katope.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead:

1. The entire thing and leave a cavity.
2. A part of the arm and leave a conjunction.
3. A piece of wood and leave what a clock does.
4. Not fast and leave not high.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in "treating." 2. Acquired skill. 3. To salute. 4. A beverage. 5. A consonant in "treating."

HIDDEN PLANETS.

1. Mars. 2. Venus. 3. Saturn. 4. Uranus.

WORD SQUARE.

1. FRET
2. ROAR
3. ELSE
4. TREE

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Emancipation.

DIAMOND.

1. P
2. HAT
3. PAPER
4. TEN
5. R

RHYMING ENIGMA.

Snow.

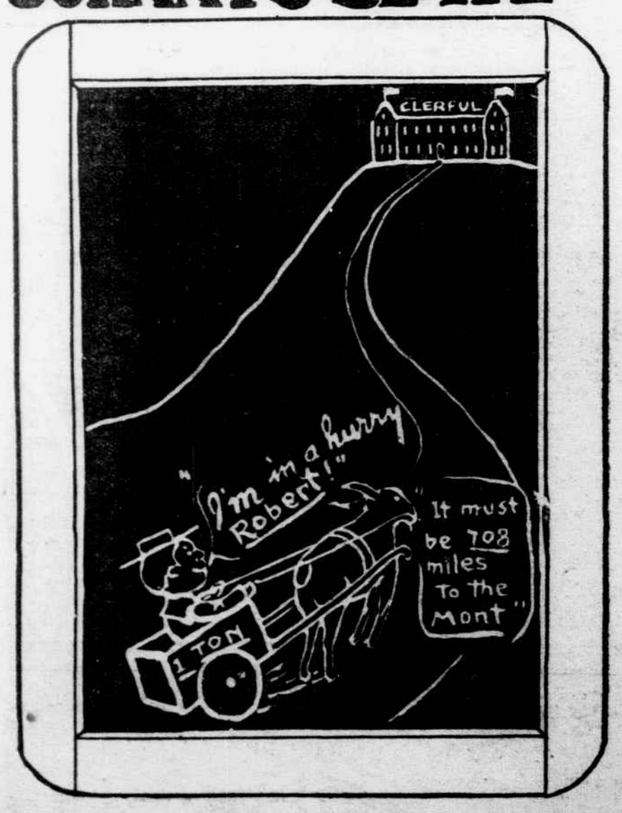
DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. D-rear. 2. S-h-are. 3. P-l-ace.

JOHNNY'S SLATE.

Tarleton, Morgan; Cowpens, 1781.

JOHNNY'S SLATE.



Johnny Jones drew a picture of a goat cart on his slate as you see it. "That picture shows," said Johnny, "the name of an inventor, the name of the first thing he invented which brought him fame and the date of his invention. Read the underlined words only. You all know what it is, for, besides studying about it in history, you have all seen pictures of the article, if not the real thing itself."

Teacher told the class that all who could not guess it must be very "dense." Are you dense, too, or can you solve this?